

# SOUNDVIEW

AN INTERNATIONAL  
Review in the Outlooks of Thought and the  
Philosophy of Experience

## OCTOBER OPINIONS

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# SOUNDVIEW

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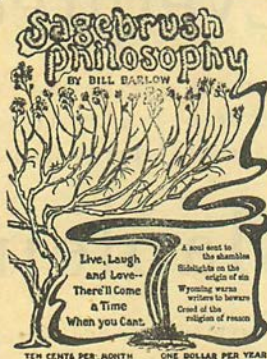
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The  
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# SOUNDVIEW

Vol. VIII

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 4

## Pitch Hot from the Boss Evergreen



PEOPLE who take life too seriously should not take SOUNDVIEW. We oftentimes indulge in sarcastic and serio-comic utterances, and if you haven't a touch of the humorous you may not understand them — may, indeed, be misled by what we may say. This we always regret, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for the absence of humor in the make-up of the individual reader, so if you have not humor banish SOUNDVIEW from your mental diet and get a brow-knitting magazine — one that will make you *think* you think!

✻

¶ In proportion as we are wise will we be silent. The prattle of the child is entertaining but not instructive. The vaporings of youth are rendered endurable by their earnestness and the honesty and evident sincer-



ity of those seeing with the inexperienced eye. The man of alleged thought is constantly expressing "his opinion" on all subjects. The individual possessing "little knowledge," no matter how "dangerous a thing" it may be, is generally working overtime in an endeavor to enlighten the world!

¶ The deeper we get into life, the more we observe the actions of the multitude, the more futile seem all efforts to enlighten or to instruct mankind. Hence the real philosopher is the silent man — only babes prattle. *Cui Bono?* constantly confronts him. He observes how little real good is accomplished by much speaking, and naturally falls into the habit of saying nothing, till he is melted by the proximity of one who can appreciate his words of wisdom, when his pent up fires burst forth in a torrent of tremendous power.

¶ For those who are so positive that they have the key to all knowledge one can only have a mingling of pity and disgust. They are usually harmless, tho sometimes they possess a strange hypnotic power that works havoc with weak natures when attacked at a particularly vulnerable point.



¶ "Takes the fast cure and dies" is the heading in a

Seattle daily, evidently writ by some stuffing blockhead who thinks he would die if he mist a single one of the "three squares" so used to dropping down his neck daily. But the scare(hea)d gentleman did not tell all, for the item explained that the two physicians who were called in to diagnose her case and sign the death certificate both agreed that death was inevitable, even if the deceased had not refrained from taking nourishment for 47 days, but that in fact "her stomach was not in a condition to digest *anything*." And "many physicians had failed to give her relief," so fasting was the last chance for life. It is generally thus. The "victim" of the fast cure has dissipated his energies for years in the stuffing process, and as a final resort he must allow outraged nature a chance to throw off the poison accumulated by long years of overeating. No, fasting is not necessary to retain health — and some advocates of the fasting cure go to extremes — but for a cleanser it is certainly *the* thing. So long as we have these physical bodies a little nutrition now and then is essential to enable us to do our best work and to build up a beautiful and healthful physique. Be rational, don't run to extremes in anything if you would grow strong mentally and physically. I have spoken!

¶ DENY it as we will there is a distinct longing for longevity implanted in every human being, a strong predilection for perpetuity of the present physical existence, a decided tendency to rather bear the ills we have than "flee to others that we know not of." Indeed, this preference for present physical torture (or pleasure, as the case may be) is a clear evidence of partial sanity. Whenever you find a person anxious to "shuffle off this mortal coil," you can put it down that he is not in his right mind — there's a screw loose somewhere in his mental machinery. He has punctured his physical tire at some point along the highway of life, and has "flattened out" and been unable to pump up properly to resume the journey. Life is not altogether unalloyed joy to him, due somewhat, perhaps, to his neglect of opportunities, and disregard of plain provisions of nature for his happiness and well-being.

¶ Man is an animal of appetites, passions and prejudices, the yielding to which poisons the blood, warps the intellect and shrivels the soul, resulting in a distorted view of life and its meaning. Disordered physical functions create a diseased mind, which in turn reacts on the body causing weakness and pain which



finally unseat the reason. Then comes a desire for rest, a relief from pain, and suicide follows. We live as long as we really desire to — we exhaust interest in affairs mundane and nature does the rest. She will not tolerate an excrescence, a nonentity or a drone. We are having many instances of prolonged physical existence, but perhaps the most notable example of modern times is that of Capt. G. E. D. Diamond, now of Oakland, California, but formerly of San Francisco, whom even the earthquake failed to deprive of life. Capt. Diamond recently celebrated his 111th birthday with a vegetarian feast. He attributes his longevity largely to his abstinence from meat, having lived on cereals, nuts, fruits and vegetables for 86 years.

¶ "The secret of long life is physical exercise, no meat, and abstinence from alcoholic liquors and tobacco," he says in a recent interview published in *The San Francisco Examiner*, the clipping from which was sent in by an Evergreen, from Stockton, enclosed in an envelope addressd with the following original verse:

This to the Boss Evergreen  
Rader — whose name may be seen  
At Olalla, Wash.,  
Where the natives, b' gosh!  
Eat greens — like the kine, fat and lean.

¶ The interview further quotes Capt. Diamond: "It was in the fall of '21 that I changed from meat to vegetables. I had been rheumatic, gouty, dyspeptic and generally miserable. Since then I have enjoyed sound health. Why, along in the spring of '42 I was in an accident, broke five ribs, a leg, and was battered up generally. It would have killed an ordinary man.

¶ "I received my title of Captain as chief Government agent during the Civil War. General Grant was my personal friend. I have lived in three centuries and see no reason why I should not live into another. If Methuselah could do it I think I can."

¶ Then our facetious friend who favored us with the article under consideration comments in verse thusly:

In the year of our Lord nineteen seven,  
This old man says he's hundred and 'leven;  
He came to this pass  
Eating nothing but grass,  
And he aint in no hurry for heaven!



¶ This genial centenarian gives much good advice as to the method to be adopted to prolong this physical existence, and coming as it does from one who is himself living evidence of the efficacy of his philosophy, we can accept it with confidence in its power to do

likewise for any who will follow his teachings. One writer in *The Coloradoan* said he was "as chirp and alert on his 111th birthday as many a youngster of sixty or less and really did not look it. The Captain declares that he sees no reason on earth why he should not live to be as old as Methuselah or even older. He attributes his great age and vigor to the fact that he has been a vegetarian all his life, that he does not indulge in alcoholic stimulants nor does he smoke. He is also an enthusiastic advocate of the 'Don't-Worry' theory and says that only idiots fume and fret."

¶ Here is a huge hunk of Capt. Diamond's cheerful living wisdom, which is worth giving to Evergreens undiluted, for I opine that there is not one who reads this that is not interested in life, and desirous of prolonging that existence for many hundred years:

¶ "I can't understand why a person should get all riled up about things. A man can't eat more'n three meals a day, no matter how rich he is. He can't wear but one suit of clothes at a time nor sleep in more than one bed. Every living thing is endowed with enough brains to obtain food and shelter. Even the brainless jellyfish can do that. I've made it the rule of my life not to worry, not to get into a temper, and



I've tried to be kind to those about me. That's all to my creed. I believe the Lord will always provide for those who trust in Him, but He expects you to hustle for yourself just a little. And that's what I've done — hustled and kept on smiling.

¶ "Fact is, I never think particularly what I eat — I think most folks get daffy on that idea.

¶ "I've got several good, sound teeth in my head, and I reckon it comes from exercisin' 'em. I always chew my food slowly and take plenty of time at my meals and usually manage to get a lot of laughter mixt up in it. That's the best tonic on earth for good digestion — plenty of laughing at meal times. I've been at hotels sometimes and on the big ocean liners and watched a lot of folks eating as if they expected to be hung for it. No wonder they have the dyspepsia. I'd choke if I had to eat that way.

¶ "No, it doesn't matter so much what you eat, as how you eat. That's the secret of good health. But I draw the line on meat. Not that I have any particular objection, but I just sort o' got out o' the habit oncet when we were on a voyage round the Horn and got lost. We were two years on the ocean in a tramp schooner and I just sort o' got out o' the habit of meat-

I like eggs — sometimes I've eaten as many as a dozen a day; three for breakfast, four or five for dinner at noon and maybe as many for supper. And I've always had a great liking for fresh vegetables — salads and fruits. I've lived in three centuries and do not expect to give up for a long time yet. I enjoy life as much as I ever did and I believe so long as we take pleasure in living, there is enough vitality in us to make life worth while. It is when folks have nothing left to live for that they begin to give up the ghost."

✽

¶ The last sentence in the foregoing quotation from Capt. Diamond is the sum of all wisdom looking to perpetuity of life in the flesh. Immortality can only come to those appreciating it and deserving it. A purely selfish existence can never bring even a *desire* for continuity of the present existence for the reason that interest soon flags, there is no further incentive. Service of some kind can only intensify the desire to live. As long as one is truly a benefit to himself and others there is reason for a prolongation of this condition called life.

¶ As age, to an observing and industrious individual, always brings wisdom it is plain that one with power

of perpetuation can be of inestimable service to mankind, and need never lack for incentive to live; and think how great an object lesson such a man as the one under consideration is to all who wish to live, laugh and serve. Get the Diamond habit! Don't be in a hurry for heaven! You can have a hell of a good time here for a little while yet. Have a Diamond wedding with the centuries. Vegetate and vitalize.



## W h y

Why did you make the night, O God, so dark that a man must lose his way?  
That a man might look in the eyes of One  
And, seeing, smile at the setting sun,  
For in Her eyes he shall see his soul; whose light fails not tho the glance  
may stray.

Why did you make the silence, God, so deep that the very void would throb?  
That the void in you may listen low  
To a woman's throbbing heart, and know  
What She and I have learned; that life is an endless song — and a cease-  
less sob!

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON



## The Possible Girl

My girl is neither too dark nor too fair,  
Nor is she too short nor too tall,  
Yet the grace of her manner is past compare,  
For *my* girl is the girl of them all.

My girl is ever the pride of her friends,  
Likewise the "belle of the ball,"  
And her bright, smiling ways make her live in our hearts,  
For my girl is *the* girl of them all.

The sparkle and sheen of her starry-bright eyes,  
The brilliance of diamonds forestall;  
Since their luster and hue make my praises all true,  
My girl is the *girl* of them all.

Of her laugh I can't tell, so delightful its spell,  
For its rippling cadence holds in thrall,  
While the dimpling surprize of her smile doth beguile,  
For my girl *is* the girl of them all.

The tone of her tongue is a tune for all time,  
As it tinkles and thrills in its call,  
With a silvery softness surprizingly sweet,  
For my *girl* is the girl of them all.

While her voice is so sweet yet her words prove her wise,  
As intelligence tempers them all.  
Since her words are well worth the attention of earth,  
*My* girl is the girl of them all.

H. A. B.

seeks to elucidate the relation of the sexes to each other, upon FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES. It recognizes neither artificial laws nor established customs; all laws made and observed by man that do not conform to Natural Law cannot hope to endure.

It is admittedly true that man's life, in its development, runs in cycles, and each seven years is seen to accomplish given objects; the *first* seven years being, *all things considered*, the most vital, most important seven years of life. The entire organism is plastic. In the hand of a Master Sculptor an angel may be molded, while 'neath the chisel of one who has "mist his calling," the finest of marble may be ruined.

This applies equally to the moral and physical man.

Improper diet — in all that that implies — often lays the foundation for an unhealthy after-life. At least that is the tendency, and tendency is like humor, the most dangerous when inside.

Those who have given *most* to the world, have been people whose first seven years of life were romped in daisied fields kist by the rays of mother-sun and father-winds and *guided* by wise instructors to obey (fulfil) the law of Nature, relative to their being, without the blighting breath of superstition to mold their forming brain to ac-

ceptance of the impossible.

As the child is nearing the close of this first group of circles, called years, if Nature's design has not been aborted, or perverted, the powers that have been concentrated in developing the *physical* self reach out to "conquer other worlds"; the child has attained the age for accreting to itself information not necessary to its mere existence, but nevertheless vital to its well-being, for if it have the advantage of scientific knowledge on the plane of its understanding, instead of superfluous idioms miscalled "education," its brain-cells will expand and increase, causing a yearning for investigation. In other words, the mind has become gross or solidified enough to retain knowledge concerning its being. Do not be content to feed the growing mind with merely the wordy husks of "text-books."

Be wise, ye parents, ye guardians of the embryo go(o)d, and see to it that they grow wings of aspiration; not those of the moth who flutters around the candle of superstition, which is now being so universally called "tradition" by both Pope and Rabbi.

When they have past this incubator period, there is a noticeable independence of individuality due to Nature's *preparation* for development of the *sex* in the *individual*, and it is during this cycle in the life of the child, and of



course depending largely upon the child regarding the *exact* age, that it should be taught EVERYTHING CONCERNING ITS OWN BODY, THE USE OF EACH FUNCTION, THE SCIENTIFIC MANIPULATION OF WHICH MAKES HOLY EACH OFFICE TO WHICH EVERY ORGAN OF THE HUMAN BODY WAS WISELY FORMED.

Sex is eternal, consequently universal. In the more gross forms of the universe, recognized as *material*, sex takes a positive or crystallized form,— hence we have two parts in forming one whole,— male, *projective*, and female, *receptive*. In the more sublimated forms of matter in which that law holds good, we readily recognize mind and brain *force*; here we have the male and female force expressing thru the one organ. If we could photograph the *forms* of force, or action, in operation upon the brain, we would see the feminine forms in *horse-shoe* shape (*receptive*) and the masculine forms in shape of *shafts* (*projective*); with cross-bar at base, *A CROSS*. These ethereal sex forms are ever propagating.

When a thought is *projected* into the mind, it is *received* by one of these horse-shoe forms, and as the two points forming the ends of the horse-shoe-shape-receptivity grasp the *pro-ject* or shaft, they close in biting fashion around it;

if the thought harmonizes, or arouses eager interest in the brain attacked, the receptivity will allow — nay, *invite, demand* — the masculine projection *in full*, and the projecting shaft enters the receptive sheath or horse-shoe to the cross-bar, thus reaching the womb of the brain where conception takes place, and an idea is born. Ideas are the children of the brain, but their gestative period differs in the matter of time, from that of the offspring of crystallized sex forms, insomuch as the children of the thought-world may be projected, conceived, gestated and born in the flash of a moment, or, the feminine faculties in the brain may be fertilized, and lie in incubation awaiting the warming rays of the sun of opportunity to call it forth in birth as thoughts or ideas, waiting to be understood. If, however, the thought projected is repulsive (less attractive) to the highest ideals of the brain it is introduced to, the two forces, male and female, rebound to the opposite poles of attraction the instant they come in contact, and that brain will have to grow (unfold) to the acceptance of certain truths, or, if its tendency *be* high and the thought gross, be perverted by stronger will-power able to control natural tendencies, before the masculine powers may hope to inject higher truth into a weaker feminine, or rape the birth-right of a higher one.

As matter in the more sublimated form in nature is studied, *the stronger law in itself is seen to be*; it is a more difficult task to rape the virtue of the *mind* than the virtue of the *body*.

If any reader take issue with me regarding the *grades* of matter, and prefer the term "spirit" or "spiritual" applied to the ethereal, I have but one condition to make — call EVERYTHING spirit. It is either Matter and Gross Matter, or Sublimated Spirit and Spirit, according to degree; a "distinction without a difference," there is no dividing line; they are interchangeable, interdependent; the finer permeating the grosser, assimilating, withdrawing, ever changing position. Change is eternal.

Thus it is readily seen that *each individual is male and female in the realm of finer forces*. If thoughts in this article, new to the reader, be ACCEPTED, then the writer, altho in the crystallized sex form, a woman, becomes, in the realm of thought-force, FATHER to the brain children born of these thoughts; and the reader, tho a male, if he *conceives* in the realm of brain as a result of such projected thought, is just so far absolutely feminine.

As mind may be termed the operator and brain the instrument, the mind of the child should be so occupied as to bring the best results to bear upon the formation of



the growing brain thus determining its capacity for truth. The education of the growing mind is but the *application* of the SEX LAW. The parents (thoughts) of the brain children being normal, free from superstition, honest, their offspring (ideas) will be healthy, uncrippled tenants of expanding brain cells. I say "tenants" advisedly, because he who would reach the richest goal, is he who employs the truth of yesterday for the attainment of a grander truth today.

The sex life of the child should be wisely directed in building grandly in the realm of mind.

Mind, the operator, will personally superintend minutely the architecture of the brain.

See to it, parents of growing children, that no one fathers the ideas gestating daily in the minds of your children, and indelibly stamping their effects upon their plastic brain, who would cripple them with superstition and shirking of personal responsibility.

TEACH THE CHILD THE SACRED USE OF SEX. Show them honestly and earnestly, that the one result of sex-cohesion is *con*-struction. Teach them the mighty truth that the ONLY construction that can stand the erosion of time, is the structure whose foundation is builded in Natural Law; whose corner stone is Universal Law; and whose broad windows mirror the great Individual Law.

As the child nears that delicate and all-important time in its life, its " teens," when the sex life is making itself manifest thru the so-called " natural " organ of the body, then is the time it most needs wise direction in using its sex powers. Show the child the scientific manner in consuming its sex fires for self *con*-struction; for if these fires are allowed to burn and waste, they will consume the child to its *DE*-struction. Wisely direct the sex *force* from body to brain to the end of the child's growing season, which is from 18 to 22 years of age, according to the individual.

When this period is reached, your guardianship, so far as natural law is concerned, ceases.

The next cycle in the life of the child is a fully rounded-out individual, one capable of deciding the personal needs of its sex life. When growth in the body ceases, the " off-spring " has reached the extreme limit to which the pair (parents) were able to send it from themselves by the law of reproductive force, into " space " or the " world," and must now take up the law and execute it for itself, and *RE*-generate by the same law thru which it was generated.

The true Equipoise of Sex is that balancing of use between the gross and sublimated parts of our bodies.

PHYSICAL contact, at longer or shorter periods of

time, is absolutely essential in the attainment of the highest to the healthy, normal woman and man. It is the law that quickens. To quicken a living body is to *add* life. I think it is readily recognized that, to add fuel to a burning fire, results in one of two conditions: either the fire will burn more fiercely and consume more quickly, or will *replenish* and thus will increase its duration. The use or *mis-use* of sex fuel is identical with coal and gas, and the fire that is kindled may be either life-giving or consuming, according to the wisdom displayed in the application of the fuel. The sex relations of woman and man should be governed in the order Nature ordained. Woman should be *ready* to receive, which means *invitation* — nay, if you please, COMMAND, *before man is capable of recognizing* woman; otherwise, it is violation of the highest note in the scale of Natural law in the universe.

If our boasted civilization has carried one precious truth to the dump with our cast-off crudities, let us dig among the debris and restore to the race its birthright. Truth, and truth alone can liberate us from thralldom.

In the infancy of our race we were controlled in our sex relations, as in ALL relations, by fundamental principles; i. e., manipulation was governed by necessity. Food, the natural fuel of the body was used *as* such; wa-



ter (only) to quench the thirst. The sex organs were for reproductive purposes ONLY, not *financial* profit; and Nature spoke as truly to our fore-parents the time for copulation as to the seasons for bringing the " glad tidings of great joy " in the budding of flower and fruit. The recognition of this fundamental principle in the life of the human race, will eventually bring peace where now is war, transform *dis-ease* into ease, and hate into love. The roads that lead to this haven, *may* be legion, but certainly the *main one* is ECONOMIC FREEDOM FOR WOMAN.

*Restore to the mother of the race her exploited birth-right.* With woman chained to the crime of the " middle ages," when she lost to man the right of ownership of her own body, how can any Equipoise in Sex relations be attained, when man is *fundamentally formed to be governed in those relations?*

Woman is, by Nature constructed and attuned to a more delicate note in the scale of human formation, in her *needs*, than man. Not only more delicate in her *personal* needs, but she EMBODIES the needs of the *race*. By Nature, her sex needs are periodical. In the economy of Nature she is QUEEN of her own domain, and man is but her SUBJECT. Nature gave to man *the power of response*

when called by his mate to act as *sponsor for her children*.

Only the *true* sex relations can quicken the formed body, or bring into external life an offspring of *true merit*.

Our race is becoming shorter lived very fast, and, unless violations of this *vital law towards the mothers of the race* is recognized, and a *return to Nature*, regulating our sex relations, *IS LIVED*, *Man*, as a *mighty race will consume itself in the fires ordained to build it*. *Only the fittest can survive*.

Such souls stand out like "beacon lights" upon a rock-bound coast. Come, all ye wandering mariners upon the tempestuous billows of human life and be guided by the light of life-saving knowledge.



## Observations



WRITER who converts you convicts himself;  
Truth must be *lived* to be had.

While the price of goodness is inefficiency,  
God cannot afford to buy.

Not how much one knows but how fast one learns is the soul's test for wisdom.

Sincerity is the giver of peace but the taker of plenty.  
The only crime for which Heaven fixes the death-

penalty is to be a craven.

How to get good and tired without working: Watch a New Thoughter trying to relax.

First aid to the speechmaker: Wait till the fellow who does things starts talking.

How to tell poetry from dyspepsia: If a man worships one woman he has the first; if more than one, the second.

The greatest evil is to be good for the sake of reward.

A man's character is best established by the things that "upset his calculations."

There are two stages in the cure for the ills of civilization: the first is to recognize Nature as healer, the second is to employ Nature as nurse but make God your physician.

There may be a greater cure for human misery than just love; but God hasn't said anything about it.

Here are now two needful lessons: that Life's real wisdom rests in the age of youth, and Life's real joy springs from the youth of age.

To be fine enough to sense beauty is to feel, perforce, the tragedy that always forms the groundwork of beauty's superstructure. Joy is the builder but Grief is the architect of the soul's house eternal.

Hell is only the gathering-place of the ghosts of our



slain ideals; Heaven is only the garden where ideals grow immortal.

Religion calls God the Unknown, Science calls God the Unknowable; but God just smiles and plays Make-Believe with the children.

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON



## Some Things I Do Not Know and Some I Do Know



DO not know about the origin of Life.

I do not know about the future of Life.

I do know that I am alive and that the

better I live each day, the better I enjoy myself and help to make others happy.

I know for myself that God, Devil, Heaven and Hell are all results of my imagination, as all can prove for themselves if they will think for themselves in place of accepting what someone else tells them.

I also feel that the object of our stay on this earth is to perfect the Natural Man; and if the money, time and energy spent on preparing for war and in preparing man for after life were put into educating the young to live the pure and simple life it would be only a few years before this world would be filled with happiness, in place of misery as it is today, for millions of our brothers and sisters.

W. E. MAXCY

## " No, I Thank You, No! "

What should I do? . . . .

Set out to find a power, influence,  
A master, then? A lowly ivy be  
That licks the trunk it uses for support?  
Creep up by stealth, instead of rising strong?  
I thank you, no! — Inscribe the verse I write  
To money bags, and play the low buffoon,  
To cause, on lips that I despise, a smile?  
I thank you, no! For breakfast eat a toad?  
Wear out, or soil, especially my knees?  
Forever prove how pliant is a spine?  
I thank you, no! Give — only to exact?  
Have ready praise for all, and strive to be  
A pigmy hero in a puny ring?  
I thank you, no! Ask publishers to print  
My verse — at my expense? I thank you, no!  
Seek favor from the solemn councils held  
By pompous fools in taverns and the like?  
I thank you, no! Or try to build a name  
Upon a single sonnet, sooner than  
Write other sonnets? No, I thank you, no!

Be terrorized by journals vague and small,  
And hope the while they'll not forget me? No,  
I thank you! Ever weigh, observe and fear?  
Place gossip far above poetic lines?  
Solicit, beg, crave notoriety?  
I thank you, no! I thank you, nay! . . . . But, oh! . . . .  
To sing, to dream, to laugh, to be alone  
And free, with eyes that naught will cause to turn,  
And with a voice that naught will cause to shake!  
To cock your hat, if you feel so disposed:  
For this, or that, to fight — or write a verse!  
To plan, without a thought of gold or fame,  
A novel trip, perhaps unto the moon!  
To write but what is honestly your own,  
And, diffident for once, reflect: my boy,  
Be satisfied with flower, fruit . . . . or leaf,  
If they have grown on soil that's strictly yours!  
Then, if perchance a bit of fame is earned,  
To feel that none of it to Cæsar's due!  
The truth is there, and so is honesty:  
Despise to ape the ivy-parasite,  
And try to be an oak, or elm, to rise,  
Not very high, perhaps, but rise alone!

EDMOND ROSTAND



## Fragment



" **T**O be as free as the birds of the air, spells selfishness " ?

Well, then, I want to be selfish!

The birds sense the coming of storms and bitter cold, and hie themselves in plenty of time, to where the sun shines and the flowers bloom. They waste no time, energy or words in the doing, but with unerring instinct follow the trend of Nature and the law of their own being.

They are not concerned with questions of right or wrong. They love and trust and sing, as they mount and soar, and plow thru the atmosphere made sweeter for their faith and daring. If they are selfish they at least make the air more lovely for their selfishness and life more glorious. They give joy and inspiration where was sorrow and despair.

Oh, to give me the selfishness of the birds! Make me every bit as true to the Nature Principle as they. Give me the unconsciousness of the birds of man-made laws and interpretations, and of man's doubts and fears and self-direction.

Let me sense the coming of storms and bitter cold, and hie myself in plenty of time to where the sun shines and the flowers bloom.

Give me the daring, the faith and the power of wings, to mount and soar and sing, and make sweeter the atmosphere. Let me do the work that I am called to do, and let me not question or hesitate, else I be too late for the summer prepared for me and for all who may hear my songs and partake of my joy.

The selfishness of the birds *for me!*

GRACE MOORE



## Pitchy Postscripts for Pale People



EXPLANATIONS never explain to people who have determined to doubt, who have convicted you without evidence, who have misconstrued your motives on self-made suspicions, so why waste words in an attempt to remove a mountain of mental mud?

You only compromise your conscience and outrage your innocence.

¶ The more you do for some people the more they will do you!

¶ Some people imagine that belittling the efforts and the work of others is unmistakable evidence of their own abilities.

¶ The bubonic plague in Seattle will soon yield to the radical treatment recommended by Dr. White—big appropriations have been ordered! This would scare any plague on earth!

¶ With the unlimited co-operation of banking institutions in each of the principal cities of the country, money panics would be impossible—it is the *first* bank failing to pay on demand that arouses the fears of the depositors.

¶ Now doesn't it seem that Aladdin has been using that wonderful lamp of his again, when we read of the record breaking trip of the Lusitania! Five days and fifty-four minutes from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in the year of miracles, 1907! But this is not yet 25 miles



an hour, and a recent dispatch in the daily promises us a craft that will make 100 miles an hour! And we have a splendid mechanic right here at Olalla, who is working on a model turbine engine that is so far superior to the engines used in the *Lusitania* that there is no comparison. They are so constructed as to utilize the entire expansive power of steam before it escapes; which will insure a much more speedy vessel than the one that has just broken the Trans-Atlantic record.

¶ When we read in Franklin's autobiography a description of the delays and vexations incident to a voyage across the Atlantic 150 years ago, we are more surprized than ever at the record of the *Lusitania*. It took over a month in 1757 to do the same stunt that now has been reduced to five days — and the end is not yet.

¶ Here is Franklin's account of his trip: "It was about the beginning of April that I came to New York, and I think it was near the end of June before we sailed," and "We arrived in London the 27th day of July, 1757."

¶ Only a matter of nearly as many months as it now requires days! Bring on your flying machines, this is too slow!

¶ THE universal verdict seems to be that SOUNDVIEW is growing better with each issue, and the numerous returns of old friends, cut off in their prime because too slow in renewing, is unmistakable evidence of the hold this little backwoods product is getting on the thinking world. Here is an expression of one of the old Evergreens, lately returned to the corral—and there is always great rejoicing on such occasions:

¶ Please send two copies of the June number of the most excellent SOUNDVIEW. The article on the Sex problem by Mr. Cowles is certainly grand. I am one of the few who comprehend and deeply appreciate the Spiritual, Soul-Sex life of which Mr. Cowles so ably and clearly writes. What a glorious old world this would be if all could appreciate and live such an exalted and spiritual life.

¶ The poem, "Childless," by E. E. Purinton in the June number especially appeals to and touches me deeply. It is the finest I ever read. Purinton is certainly one of the poets of the age. Have read "The Soul in Silhouette" and am well pleased with it. Purinton is a rare, rare combination of seer, philosopher, lover and a tender, sweet, affectionate Soul, well adorned with the poetic spirit.



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To conquer wisely trials met;  
With little use for anger or for blame,  
The highest good from life to get;  
To gather wealth, not for its sake alone,  
But for the good it helps to do;  
To strike each morn a richer mental tone,  
And onward press with courage new;  
To hold in other hearts a sacred place,  
To gladly helping hands extend,  
To grow in spirit beauty, spirit grace,  
As thru this busy world we wend;  
To win the power to lead, to cheer, to bless  
Our brother man — this constitutes success.

SARAH E. HOWARD

In "The Circle"



But valiant hearts contend not for success!  
It's nobler to defend a hopeless cause!

EDMOND ROSTAND

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MY London pamphlet, which had for its motto these lines of Dryden:

" Whatever is, is right. Tho purblind  
man

Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest link:  
His eyes not carrying to the equal beam,  
That poises all above ";

and from the attributes of God, His infinite wisdom, goodness and power, concluded that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing, appeared now not so clever a performance as I once thought it; and I doubted whether some error had not insinuated itself unperceiv'd into my argument, so as to infect all that follow'd, as is common in metaphysical reasonings. I grew convinc'd that *truth, sincerity and integrity* in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN